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**The Illustrated
songster**

Glasgow

[182-?]

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THE
Illustrated Songster.



"THE COVES WOT SING."

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

Price Twopence.

THE
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PRINTED BY
JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD
LONDON

THE
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Great Britain and Ireland.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee, [as he,
He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark so blythe
And this the burthen of his song for ever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

"I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and
wife,

I would not change my station for any other in life:
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart
grows gay,

No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's cold [decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say,
"Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing:
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial ring,
Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say, "Long live the
queen."



PADDY THE PIPER.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who, but Pat Murphy the Piper came by?
 Says Paddy, "Few play this music, can you play?"
 Says I, "I can't tell, for I never did try."

He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then squeezed a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak; [drone,
 With a farala, laralla loo, och! honey, how he handled the
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted the
 heart of a stone.

"Your pipes," said I, "Paddy, so neatly come over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose."
 So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,

Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog, [drone,
 With my farala, laralla loo, how sweetly he handled the
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted the
 heart of a stone.

Full five years I followed him, nothing could sunder us,
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup.
 I roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
 "O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?"
 He was dead as a nail in a door;—
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf;
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself.
 With my farala, laralla loo, to be sure I have not got the knack,
 To play farala, laralla loo, ay, and bubaroo dideroo whack.

THE LITTLE FAT GRAY MAN.

THERE is a little man, dress'd all in gray,
 He lives in the city, and he's always gay,
 He's round as an apple, plump as a pear,
 He has not a shilling, nor has he a care,
 Yet he laughs and he sings—ha, ha, ha!
 What a merry little fat gray man!

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
 He sings merry songs, and flirts with the lasses—
 He has debts, he has duns—when bailiffs draw near,
 He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear.
 Yet he laughs, &c.

If the rain through the roof his garret floor wets,
 In his bed snoring snugly, the rain he forgets—
 In bleak cold November, it hails and it snows,
 If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows.
 And he sings, and he laughs, &c.



THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
 About a mighty king so great?
 If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 He was so tall, near six feet six,
 He had a head like Mister Nick's,
 His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
 'Twas built of mud for want of bricks.
 And his name was Poonoowingkeewang,
 Flibeedee, flobeedee, buskeebang,
 And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee wangkee fum,
 Puttee po pee kaibula cum,
 Tongaree, wongaree, ching. ring, wum,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had in one hut,
 Seventy wives as black as soot,
 And thirty of a double smut,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.

So just one hundred wives he had,
 And every week he was a dad,
 Upon my word it was too bad,
 For his smutty dears soon drove him mad ;
 There was Hungkee Mungkee, short and tall,
 With Tuzzee Muzzee and Keeko Pall,
 And some of them swore they would have all
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee, &c.

One day this king invited most
 All of his subjects to a roast,
 For half his wives gave up the ghost,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Of fifty wives he was bereft,
 And so he had but fifty left,
 He said with them he would make shift,
 So for a gorge all set off swift ;
 But not one answered to his call.
 He sprang out through the muddy wall ;
 Then into the woods he went with grief,
 And found each queen along with a chief—
 He swore he'd macadamize every thief,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee, &c.

He sent for all his guards with knives,
 To put an end to all their lives ;
 The fifty chiefs and fifty wives,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 His cannibal slaveys then begun,
 Carving their heads off one by one,
 And the king he laugh'd to see the fun,
 Then jump'd into bed when all was done.
 And every night when he's asleep,
 His headless wives and chiefs all creep
 And roll upon him in a heap,
 The king of the Cannibal Islands.
 Hokee pokee, &c.



BARBARA ALLAN.

IN Reading town a lad was born,
And a fair maid there was dwelling;
So he pick'd her out to be his bride,
And her name was Barbara Allan.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When green leaves they were springing,
A young man on a sick bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allan.

He sent to her his servant man,
To the place where she was dwelling;
Now quickly to my master come,
If thy name be Barbara Allan.

So slowly, so slowly, she walked unto
The bedside where he was lying;
And when she looked into his face,
Says she, Young man, you're a-dying.

I see death painted in thy face,
 All joy is gone quite from thee;
 I cannot save thee from the grave,
 So farewell my dearest Johnny.

When she was gone he gave a grunt,
 In expression of his sorrow;
 In his will left Barbara all his blunt,
 And then he died to-morrow.

As she was a-walking through the street,
 She met his corpse a-coming;
 Now set 'un down, my little brave boys,
 And let I gaze upon him.

The more she look'd, the more she laugh'd,
 The farther she got from him,
 Till all her friends cried out, For shame,
 Cruel-hearted Barbara Allan.

They buried him in the church porch,
 When she died laid her beside 'un,
 For she wished to be his bride in death,
 Though in life she couldn't abide 'un.

THE IRISHMAN'S SERENADE.

THE full new moon is old, my love,
 You've got plenty of money, I'm told, my love;
 So your knocker I'll ring, and to court you I'll sing,
 Though I've got a most shocking bad cold, my love.

Then awake, for my love is so hot, my dear,
 That without you I'll soon go to pot, my dear;
 For my shirt at your clack would stick close to my back,—
 But the devil a shirt have I got, my dear.

Like a cat my watch I'm keeping, love,
 For no bed have I got to sleep in, love;
 So, honey, look down, and smile me a frown,
 From your eye so beautiful peeping, love.

Old time, like the gutter, does run, my dear,
 So pray thee much modesty shun, my dear;
 Have me, I'll have you, and though still we'll be two,
 All Kilkenny will take us for one, my dear.



ALL ROUND MY HAT.

ALL round my hat I vears a green villow,
 All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
 If any one should ax't the reason vy I vears it,
 Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

'Twas a-going of my rounds in the streets I first did meet her,
 O I thought she vas a hangel just come down from the sky,

Spoken.—She'd a nice vegetable countenance, turnip nose,
 and carroty hair.

And I never heard a voice more louder and more sweeter,
 When she cry'd "Come buy my primroses, my primroses
 come buy."

Spoken.—Here's your fine cauliflowers.

All round my hat, &c.

Oh, my love she vos fair, and my love she vos kind too,
 And cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love to try,

Spoken.—Here's your precious turnups.

For thieving vos a thing that she never vos inclined to,
 But he sent my love across the seas far, far away.

Spoken.—Here's your hard-hearted cabbages.

All round my hat, &c.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,
 For seven long years my love is bound to stay ;

Spoken.—'Tis a precious long time 'fore I does any trade
 to-day.

Bad luck to that chap what w'd ever be false-hearted,
 O I'll love my love for ever, though she's far, far away.

Spoken.—Here's your nice heads of salary.
 All round my hat, &c.

There is some young men is so preciously deceitful,
 A-coaxing of the young gals they vish to lead astray ;

Spoken.—Here's your valants, crack 'em and try 'em, a
 shilling a hundred.

As soon as they deceive 'em, so cruel-ly they leave 'em,
 And they never sighs nor sorrows when they're far, far
 away.

Spoken.—Do you vant any hoingns to-day, marm ?
 All round my hat, &c.

O I bought my love a ring on the wery day she started,
 Vich I gove her as a token all to remember me ;

Spoken.—Bless her h-eyes !

And when she does come back, oh ! ve'll never more be parted,
 But ve'll marry and be hoppy, oh, for ever and a day.

Spoken.—Here's your fine spring radishes !
 All round my hat, &c.

MYNHEER VAN DUNCK.

MYNHEER VAN DUNCK, though he never got drunk,
 Sipp'd brandy and water gaily :
 And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first,
 To a pint of the latter daily.
 Singing, "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."
 Water well mingled with spirit good store,
 No Hollander dreams of scorning ;
 But of water alone he drinks no more
 Than a rose supplies its bloom on a morning.



TAM GIBB AND THE SOW.

Quo' Nell, my wife, the ither day,
 Provisions they are cheap, man;
 And for the trifle-it wad tak',
 A sow we weel micht keep, man;
 Indeed, says I, my dearest Nell,
 I've just been thinking sae mysel',
 And since we've on the notion fell,
 I'll just gan doon to Mattie Broon,
 This afternoon, and vera soon
 Bring hame yin in a rape, man.

Sae in my pouch I put the rape,
 And down to Mattie's went, man,
 Resolved to ha'e a guid yin wault,
 Reflections to prevent, man.
 As soon's I entered Mattie's door,
 She blythely met me at the floor,
 And kindly quastions speert a score,
 About mysel', the bairns and Nell,
 Nor can I tell what cracks befell,
 Ere my errant it was kent, man.

Spoken.—For ye maun ken, Mattie and me was auld
 sweethearts; na, we wur yince neer about marriet, had it no
 been for a confoundet auld mither o' hers that put atween
 us, for I gaed under the nefarious name o' a rake in thae
 days; a name that operated like a dose o' salts on an auld
 wife's stammack.

But when auld stories a' were telt,
 And aiblins something new, man.
 I faun 'twas time that I should mak'
 Some mention o' the sow, man.
 When I my errant did unfauld,
 I faun the young anes a' were sauld,
 But gin I liked to tak' the auld,
 Wi' a' her heart she'd send her cart,
 She weel could spare't, I thanked her for't,
 But out the rape I drew, man.

Spoken.—Na, na, says I, Mattie, far be it frae Tam Gibb to put his auld sweetheart to sae muckle trouble; here's a bit new rape I ha'e brought, an' nae doubt the beast will gang the road braw and cannie.

Sae round dame grumphy's hindmost leg
 The rape I soon did tie, man,
 And wi' a supple birken twig,
 I drave her out o' the sty, man;
 Wi' Mattie straught I bade guid e'en,
 And briskly to the road we tane;
 But scarcely fifty yards we'd gane,
 When madam sow impatient grew,
 And soon I trow, made me to rue,
 That her I chanced to buy, man.

For being o' the female breed,
 She proved a stubborn jade, man;
 Were I to flee the brute alive,
 She'd aye ha'e her ain road, man.
 I wanted east, but she'd be wast,
 Or ony way she liked best,
 And did my brains sae fairly pest;
 Till in my wraith, wi' mony an aith,
 I vowed her skaith, and kick'd her baith,
 And gart her squeak aloud, man.

Spoken.—Odd, she was the most positive wretch o' a sow that ever was born, she would neither gang her ain road, nor the way I wanted her; through pound and ditch she spanked, me haudin' on like grim death, for I was maist grown as determin'd as hersel', and I daursay I would ha'e managed her, had it no been for a confounded muckle stane that

tripp'd me—and doun I gade a' my length in the glaur, snap
gade the rape, awa ran the sow, and I can tell you, I never
saw a sicht o't.

But though pig's flesh it never mair
Should be my lot to pree, man;
I vow and swear anither sow
Will ne'er be bought by me, man.
As lang's the're herring in Lochfine,
I'll ne'er want kitchen when I dine,
And henceforth bid adieu to swine;
O' nae sic gear the price I'll speer,
Nor stan' the sneer and taunting jeer.
That I frae neebours dree, man.

Spoken.]—Faith, I'm no fit to stan't; and the callans is the
warst; odd, ye'll see them as a body gangs along the street,
jinking into a close, and keeking out, and crying, Hey Tam!
hey Tam Gibb! Tam! whaur's yer sow?

It's ill to bear the taunting jeer,
That I frae neebours dree, man.

AN EXCUSE FOR A SONG.

You ask for a song, and indeed I'm quite sorry
I cannot oblige the good company here;
Were I to begin you would find, in a hurry,
The guests would depart and the coast would be clear;
They could not sit still to have their ears pestered;
By such horrid notes, but away they would run
To some lone desert or valley sequestered,
And give that the preference fitty to one.
But since that you seem so desirous to hear me,
I now will endeavour—this trial's my best,
I sure shall be laughed at by those who sit near me,
And those afar off will make me their jest.
“A shepherd once tended his flock on a mountain,”
Oh that is too high for my voice by a tone;
“A maiden once sat by the side of a fountain,”
Oh, that is so low I shall never get done;
But by your permission I'll try at another;
“When echo's shrill voice through the woodlands doth ring,”
Oh, that is, if possible, worse than the other,
I beg you'll excuse me, indeed I can't sing.



THE WHIMSICAL FELLOW.

THERE was a man, though it's not very common,
And as people say, he was born of a woman;
And if it be true, as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
His mouth stood across, 'twixt his nose and his chin;
Whenever he spoke, it was then with his voice;
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, to work when he pleased,
But he never work'd hard when he liv'd at his ease;
Two legs he had got, to make him complete,—
And what was more odd, at each end were his feet.

And, as people say, if you gave him some meat,
Why, if he was hungry, he surely would eat;
And when he is dry, if you give him the 'pot,
The liquor most commonly runs down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he could not get over, he stayed where he was—
He seldom or never got off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.



THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

Oh! there's not a trade that's going
 Worth showing, or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing,
 For a bowld sojer boy!

Where right or left we go,
 Sure you know, friend or foe,
 Will have the hand or toe,
 From the bowld sojer boy.

There's not a town we march through,
 But ladies looking arch through
 The window panes, will sarch through
 The ranks to find their joy;
 While up the street, each girl you meet,
 With look so sly, will cry, "My eye,
 Oh! isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy?"

But when we get the route,
 How they pout and they shout,
 While to the right about
 Goes the bowld sojer boy;
 'Tis then that ladies fair,
 In despair tear their hair,
 But the div'l a one I care,
 Says the bowld sojer boy;

For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,

But chalk us up with joy;
We taste her tap, we tear her cap,
"Oh, that's the chap for me," says she,
"Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy?"

Then come along with me,
Gramachree, and you'll see
How happy you will be
With your bowld sojer boy;
Faith if you're up to fun,
With me run, 'twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,
Says the bowld sojer boy.

And 'tis then that without scandal
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy;
May his light shine as bright as mine,
Till in the line he'll blaze and raise
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy.

IRISH COURTSHIP.

WHEN a lad comes a-courting, how bashful he'll stand,
With his hat hanging down, and his head in his hand;
Then he'll hammer and stammer, though nothing he'll say,
But swearing he loves you—stand kneeling all day.
That he'll kill himself vows if you don't be his wife,
And his ghost will torment you the rest of his life.
But arrah, be aisy, it ne'er tazes me,
I always say nothing, and sing gramachree.

If to wed you agree to relieve all his cares,
He'll give himself graces in spite of your airs;
Like a husband he pouts, and looks angry, the elf,
If you speak to another, unless it's himself.
But how can the fool get it into his head,
That a wife will obey him before she is wed?
But arrah, be aisy, &c.



UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

A BELLE and beau would walking go,
 In love they both were pining;
 The wind in gentle gales did blow,
 An April sun was shining.
 Though Simon long had courted Miss,
 He knew he'd acted wrong in
 Not having dared to steal a kiss,
 Which set her quite a-longing.
 Tol ol ol.

It so occurred as they did walk
 And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
 As Simon by her side did stalk,
 Declared the sky looked show'ry;
 The rain came to her like a drug,
 When loudly he did bellow,
 "Look here, my love, we can be snug,
 I've brought an umbrella."
 Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;
 Now Simon was a droll one,
 He thought this was the time to kiss,
 So from her lips he stole one.
 She blush'd;—the rain left off, and he
 Th' umbrella closed for draining;
 "Oh! don't," says she, "I plainly see
 It hasn't left off raining."

Tol ol ol.

Now Simon, when he smok'd the plan,
 The umbrella righted;
 He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
 And she seem'd quite delighted.
 Their lips rung chimes full fifty times,
 Like simple lovers training;
 Says she, "These are but lover's crimes;
 I hope it wont cease raining."

Tol ol ol.

He kiss'd her out of her consent,
 That she'd become his bride; hence
 To buy the ring was his intent,
 And then to get the license.
 They parted, but he took much pains
 Where they should meet to tell her,
 Says she, "I'll meet when next *it rains*,
 So bring your *umbrella*."

Tol ol ol.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
 He arose before 'twas yet day;
 And just as if to please her taste,
 It was a shocking wet day.
 They married were, had children dear,
 Eight round faced little fellows,
 But strange to state, the whole of the eight
 Were mark'd with umbrellas.

Tol ol ol.



NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL TO WHISKY.

You'll a' ha'e heard o' famous Neil,
The lad that played the fiddle weel;
I wat he was a canty chiel,

And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O!
And aye since he wore tartan hose,
He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose;
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quo' Neil, I'm frail and auld.
And find my bluid grown unco cauld;
I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O!
And yet the doctors a' agree
That whisky's no the drink for me,
Saul! quo' Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hail,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
To play fareweel to whisky, O!
But still I think on auld langsyne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind,
Forbid, like Highland whisky, O!

Come a' ye powers o' music, come,
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle strings will no play bum,
 To say fareweel to whisky, O!
 I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll stand,
 To mak' a lamentation grand,
 For guid auld Highland whisky, O!

THE BROTH OF A BOY.

It's I who bears an illigant name,
 And who dares say 'tis not?
 I was born one day in Limerick town,
 In a neat little mud-built cot.
 My mother she was the pride of the boys,
 And my father he was the same;
 That's the reason, my honeys, d'ye see,
 That gets me this illigant name!
 I'm the broth of a boy—deny it who can,
 My mother she's a true-born Irishman.

Sure an Irishman can fight like the devil,
 To frighten him you never can;
 They're the bravest set of boys that's living
 Now, or since the world began.
 With good whisky in their heads,
 They'll fight like devils, d'ye see,
 And they never lie down till they're murdered quite,
 And that's the way with me.
 I'm the broth of a boy, &c.

Oh, Ireland is a most beautiful place,
 Which I suppose you all have heard;
 'Tis the greatest place that's in the world,
 If you will take an Irishman's word.
 Where the boys are so brave,
 Good-natured, and free—
 You may talk of your true-born Englishman,
 But Ireland's the place for me.
 I'm the broth of a boy, &c.



THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

THERE lives a young lassie far down in yon glen,
And I lo'e that lassie as nae ane may ken;
O! a saint's faith may vary, but faithfu' I'll be,
For weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan, her smiling wee mou',
And white as the gowan, her breast and her brow!
Wi' the foot of a fairy she links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as ony wee bird o' the air,
And she's blythe as she's bonnie, she's guid as she's fair,
Like a lammie, as airy and artless is she;
O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore,
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.

Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break—a little moment stay,
Alas! I cannot—I cannot part from thee;
The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! remember me.

Weep not, my love, I trembling said ;
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine ;
 I ne'er can meet another maid
 Whose charms can fix my heart like thine.

Go, then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her thou leav'st in tears behind :
 Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell ! farewell ! remember me.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me,
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful vow now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.



DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
 Over moor and mountain has passed the war-sign;
 The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing;
 Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
 The clans they are gathering by loch and by lea;
 The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
 The banners they are flying that lead to victory.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
 Charge as you've charged in the days o' langsyne,
 Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
 He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
 Sheath the sword, Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine,
 The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,
 And wha kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine!

The struggle is over, over, over,
 The struggle is over!—the victory won!
 There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,
 And glory for all who their duty have done!

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
 With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine,
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,
 But hand down the garlands to each son o' thine.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory.
 Now's the day and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lower!
 See approach proud Edward's power!
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—
 Let him turn an' flee!
 Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw—
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'?
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By our sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!



THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder;
 The rain in deluge showers;
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers;
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a watery pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak!
 To cling to slippery shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its generous succour sent!
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers!
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,—
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, her baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
 "Oh, blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping
 Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,—
 And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."



LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE BOY.

LOVE was once a little boy,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 He was then so innocent,
 Not as now, on mischief bent,
 For he came and harmless went,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Love is now a little man,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 And a very saucy one,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 He walks so stiff, and looks so smart,
 As if he own'd each maiden's heart;
 I wish he felt his own keen dart,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!

Love they say is growing old,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 Half his life's already told,
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!
 When he's dead and buried too,
 What shall we poor maidens do?
 I am sure I can't tell you!
 Heigh ho! heigh ho!



BONNIE MARY HAY.

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet;
 For thy eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet;
 The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;
 Oh! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,
 When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree?
 To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie berry den?
 And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's a haliday to me,
 When thou art couthie, kind, and free.
 There's nae cloud in the lift, nor storm in the sky,
 My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay;
 But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae—
 But come to the bower, an' I'll tell you a' what's true,
 Oh, Mary! I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

O! JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

O! MY lassie, our joy to complete again,
 Meet me again in the gloamin' my dearie;
 Low down i' the dell let us meet again,

O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.
 Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie,
 Come when the pale face of nature looks weary,
 Love be thy sure defence,
 Beauty and innocence—

O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blaws the haw an' the rowan tree,
 Wild roses speck our thicket so briery;
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be—

O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.
 Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye:
 Then come with fairy haste,
 Light foot and beating breast—

O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be;
 Beauty an' truth they daurna come near it,
 Kind love is the tie of our unity;
 A' maun love it an' a' maun revere it.
 Love maks the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,
 Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that's near ye,
 Love maks the rose sae sweet,
 Cowslip and violet—

O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

PARODY ON THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 When by love and hunger's power,
 I am kept from downy sleep,
 Nightly I to Molly creep.
 Whilst the cats upon the tiles,
 Mew their loves for many miles.
 O'er the gutters lightly hopping,
 Through the garret window dropping:
 Silence or my master wakes;
 Lay the cloth and broil the steaks;
 Beef steaks and inguns crown our blisses,
 Bread and cheese, and balmy kisses,



ROBIN.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be na coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a':
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.



THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.

Nor long ago in Vestminstier,
 There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter,
 She did'nt quite live in Vestminstier,
 But t'other side of the vater.
 Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,
 All round and about that qua-rter,
 And the gentlefolks all did lift their hats
 To the ratcatcher's pretty little daughter.
 Doodle dee, doodle dum, ri, da, doo, da, di do.

She wore no hat upon her head,
 No cap nor dandy bonnet:

And her hair hung gracefully down her back,
 Like a bunch of carrots upon it.
 Now when she cried "Sprats" in Vestminstier,
 She 'ad such a loud sweet voice, sir,
 You could hear her all down Parliament Street
 As far as Charing-Cross, sir.

Doodle dee, &c.

Now rich and poor from far and near,
 In matrimony sought her:
 But to friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
 Did the ratcatcher's pretty little daughter.
 For there vas a man sold lily-white sand,
 In cupid's net had caught her;
 And right over head and ears in love
 Fell the ratcatcher's bea-utiful daughter.

Doodle dee, &c.

Now lily-white sand so ran in her head,
 As she vent down the Strand, oh!
 Instead of crying "Do you vant any sprats?"
 She cried "D'ye vant any lily-white sand, oh?"
 The people vere amaz'd, and thought she was craz'd,
 As she vent down the Strand, oh!
 To hear the gal vith sprats on her head,
 Crying "D'ye vant any lily-white sand, oh!"

Doodle dee, &c.

Now ratcatcher's daughter so ran in *his* head,
 He couldn't tell vhat he was arter,
 For instead of crying "D'ye vant any sand?"
 He cried "D'ye vant any ratcatcher's daughter?"
 His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed,
 And couldn't think vhat his master vas arter
 When he heard a man that sold lily-white sand,
 Cry "D'ye vant any ratcatcher's daughter?"

Doodle dee, &c.

Now they had agreed to marri-ed be
 Upon last Easter Monday;
 But the ratcatcher's daughter had a dream
 That she wouldn't be alive on the Sunday.
 She vent vunce more for to buy some sprats,
 And she tumbled into the vater;

Then over the head all kiver'd up with mud,
Was the ratcatcher's pretty little daughter.

SPOKEN.—And, considering the state of the Thames at this here present moment, vhat must she have swallowed! ugh!

Doodle dee, &c.

Vhen lily-white sand did hear the news,
His eyes ran down vith vater,
Says he "In love I've constant prov'd,
Blow me if I'll live long arter."
So he cut his throat vith a pane of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter:
So here vas an end of lily-vhite sand,
Donkey, and the ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

The neighbours all, both great and small,
Did flock unto the berre-in,
And vept that a gal who'd cried out "sprats"
Should be dead as any herre-in.
The corioner's inquest on her sat,
At the sign of "Jack in the Vater,"
To find vhat made life's sand run out
Of the pretty little ratcatcher's daughter.
Doodle dee, &c.

The werdick vas that too much vet
This poor young ooman died on;
For she made a hole in the Riviere Thames
Vot the penny steamers ride on!
'Twas a haccident, they all agreed,
And nuffin like self-slaughter;
So not guiltie of *fell-in-the-sea*,
They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter.

SPOKEN.—Vell, ladies an' gen'lemen—arter the two bodies was resuscitated, they herri-ed them both in one seminary—and the epigram vich they writ on the tombstone vas:—
Doodle dee, &c.



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